Bleach - The Final Stand

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Bleach - The Final Stand

About

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Summary: What if Ichigo hadn't learned how to use the Final Getsuga Tensho in the Dangai, but instead learned something far more powerful, his true zanpaktou? Bleach is owned by Tite Kubo and Shonen Jump, if it was owned by me, the bount would not have been a thing. The image for the cover is also from its respective owner (s)

Status: In-Progress

Genre: aizen, anime, bleach, fanfiction, ichigo, quincy, reiatsu-control, yamamoto, zangetsu, öp

Chapters: 6

Published: 2017-12-09

Updated: 2019-01-25

Source: https://www.wattpad.com/505418029

The beginning

Ichigo goes to the Dangai with his father, but instead of learning Mugetsu, he learns how to use his real zanpaktou and other techniques. Most likely OP Ichigo, so don't get butt-hurt if I make Aizen look like a punching bag in comparison. I do not own Bleach, if I did the bount arc would have never been a thing.

Thoughts

Ressureccion/Zangetsu

Quincy Zangetsu

Dark, pitch black nothingness. That's all that he seen as he ran through the space between dimensions known as the garganta. As he continued running, he approached a white light, his will to cut Aizen down from his non-existent throne over Hueco Mundo and stop him from gaining access to the Soul King burning. Seeing a flash of light, he exits the Garganta, releasing two black getsuga tenshous from his zanpaktou at the sight of Aizen's turned back. Seeing the explosive reiatsu swirling, he looked on, hoping to whatever deity existed that Aizen was dead. It was a hopeful dream, but was unanswered for the reiatsu subsided and Aizen was standing there, unharmed with a shimmer of light behind his neck, directly where he aimed.
"It's been awhile, hasn't it, Ryoka boy?" *He blocked two of my getsugas, how?* That's when Aizen seemingly teleported in front of ichigo, and aimed a slash at his chest. Ichigo just managed to flip into the air, narrowly dodging Aizens attack. "Your attack was strong, but the place you aimed was predictable. The back of one's neck is any creatures greatest blind spot, did you think I would participate in this battle without placing proper protection?" That's when Aizen flash stepped in front of Ichigo, and hit him with a spiritual pressure increased punch, and that's when everything went black.

"Ichigo! Ichigo, wake up! We need to get to soul society, or Aizen will kill everyone you mean to protect!" Ichigo shot up, looking at

the speaker in shock and amazement, he had black hair and a goat - chin with a captains Haori connected to a white and purple shoulder guard, zanpaktou at his side.
"D-Dad? What are you doing here?" His father looked back at him with a rarely seen serious look and shook his head.
"Sorry Ichigo, now is not the time, we need to head to the Soul Society so we can stop Aizen, fast. Ichigo looked down rethinking his fight with Aizen. *He wasn't even trying was he? I'm not strong enough.* ***Shut up King! If you won't protect the people you love, then I will, so hand over the crown or go!*** Ichigo quickly got up, he would not let his hollow take over, not like with his fight with Ulqiorra. ***Awww, it wasn't that bad, was it?*** *Shut it Hollow!* Looking at his dad, he grinned, "Right, let's go!" They went into a senkaimon made by his father and immediately Ichigo felt something was off.
"Ichigo, the cleaner seems to be destroyed, and from the spiritual pressure it was Aizens doing, but now we have time to train."
"Dad, we cant, we don't have time!" Ichigo looked at his father, wondering if he really was stupid.
"Don't look at me like that! The Precipice world as you should already know is disconnected from the world of the living and soul society's time, so much so that 1 hour out there is 125 days in here, so we have plenty of time!" Isshins face tensed for a second and stated, "Now we have enough time to train you for the Final Getsuga Tenshou. No asking questions, go into your inner world and ask your zanpaktou." Ichigo thought about it for a second and realized, he had never went into his inner world on purpose! "Uhh, dad, I've never went to my inner world without Zangetsu pulling me in there." Isshin snorted and mumbled something under his breath.
"Sit cross legged with Zangetsu over your lap, and then think of your inner world." Ichigo immediately went into the position and felt a soft tugging at his stomach, it almost felt like he was already there. "Ichigo, open your eyes, and state why you have come here" Ichigo looked up to see a figure with a long black robe with a hood covering his head. But what was far more surprising was everything was under water. "Is that you, Zangetsu? You look different." The zanpaktou spirit lowered his hood and grinned. "The answer to that question is yes and no, yes I am your zanpaktou, but no I am not Zangetsu" Ichigo seemed to relax but then shot up, "What do you mean you're no-" that's whenever the zanpaktou spirit thrusted his hand into Ichigo, but it didn't hurt. He pulled out a white figure and

smiled, waiting for it to finish forming. "Zangetsu, what did you do! You could have killed me!" Ichigo glared at him but what he realized then and there was Tensa Zangetsu rolled his eyes at him. "Ichigo, wait and you will find your zanpaktou, but know that the only reason I let you see us both is that I deem you powerful enough" Ichigo thought for a second and then remembered why he was here. Almost as if he read his mind , both figures responded ***King***/Ichigo ***after this you won't need the Final Getsuga Tenshou, you will be much stronger.*** Ichigo nodded, but then realized it was his now one figure instead of two. "What happened to the other one? And what do you mean stronger then the Final Getsuga Tenshou, it's supposed to be my ultimate technique, right?" The zanpaktou looked at him, and then smile, one half soft, the other half completely familiar, but why... ***"Ichigo, to answer your first queston, Me and your hollow have fused, and for your second, Final Getsuga Tenshou is the ultimate technique for Soul Reapers, what are you? Think about that long and hard for awhile?"*** Ichigo immediately responded with "I'm a substitu- ***Wrong, you are a soul reaper, a hollow, and what you have yet to realize, a quincy. You have to accept all of these powers for you to get our power, Ichigo."*** Ichigo looked down, thinking *how am I a hollow, I can accept that I'm a quincy, that kind of explains the blue in shikai for getsuga tenshou, but...* He sighed, and realized, "I accept my Quincy powers, but I've accepted my hollow powers when I used my mask against Ulqiorra, I realized it was mine, and I accepted it." The zanpaktou smiled and they broke apart. Ichigo jumped up and ran towards them. "Guys! Are you okay?" Both zanpaktou laughed, one more evil then the other, but no pointing fingers. ***"Kingy, it's ok, you just accepted both of our powers, meaning we don't have to survive off each other to be strong anymore, do we, quincy?"*** Ichigo and what Ichigo was going to call Shiro looked at the other figure, one in realization and one in wonder. "Yes, ichigo, I am a Quincy and he is your zanpaktou and your hollow, but I wanted to keep you powerless, but he convinced me other wise, allowing me to see the full picture. I decided to give you your real power, but it was reduced largely by having to transfer to me from him, since you hadn't accepted him yet. The power you have now is almost a twelfth of what you could have, and that's only speaking about while you are in shikai." Ichigo pondered about something and then looked at Shiro, "to use my powers that you represent, will I have to

use your mask?" ***"That's a tricky question, but yes, you can use your hollow powers without the mask, but say it was a zanpaktou, without the mask is your sealed form, so super weak, with the mask you beat grimmjow with would be shikai, and the mask you used against Ulqiorra is its bankai. So yes kingy, you can, but it's greatly weakened."*** The three just looked at each other, wondering what to say next. "So, uh, how do I get stronger? So far I haven't felt anything to my reiatsu, and everyone who knows my control over it knows if I had gotten stronger it would have sky rocketed." The two figures exchanged a glance, and summoned a sealed sword. "Ichigo, this is an asuachi, something to put your real powers into it, because the sword you are holding now is only a quincy technique to gather spirit particles." Ichigo grabbed the sword, and immediately felt his fingers burning. "***Ichigos, it's just as we feared, your power is so great that it creates a lot of heat going into your new zanpaktou-"*** that's when all the water evaporated, except for a few droplets on the window. He held up both of his hands, and heard Shiro and Zangetsu say, "**How does it feel, to hold both Zangetsu**?" He looked at both of them in bewilderment. "When can we learn the new techniques for them?" Zangetsu soon stepped forward. "Ichigo, you will first learn how to seal your zanpaktou, giving you at least a little bit of reiatsu control, what we learn from there is up to that."

Four precipice days later…

"Ichigo, your teachers are right, your growth rate is outstanding, you have managed to do something most people could only achieve in a year in four days" The two figures representing his powers were proud of their wielder. "***Yeah, kingy, who knew a thick skulled idiot like you would be able to properly control their reiatsu?"*** Ichigo was glad that he didn't have to always put up with Shiro. "***So kingy, let's make a cero!***" Both of them pointed their index and middle fingers forwards, bright red energy formed and began building up. They released the energy at the same instant and the energy roared, ripping through the buildings of his inner world like they were butter until they stopped on the horizon.
Shiro motioned for Ichigo to pick up his blade. "What the hell am I supposed to do now?" Shiro charged up what seemed to be a pure red getsuga tensho and released it, doing the even more damage

then what the cero had done and what a normal getsuga usually did. ***"King, charge your reiatsu through your hand like you would for a cero, but put it into the blade while making getsuga tensho. I call it Getsuga cero."*** Ichigo deadpanned at the name, but gave it a shot. "Getsuga cero!" Shiro and Tensa were looking on with arms outstretched, trying to warn Ichigo, but he released the modified getsuga earlier then they could stop him. The Cero Getsuga raced along his inner world, breaking through everything in his path. "For once, I agree with Shiro, you're stupid Ichigo. Do you not remember that names have power?" Shiro gave a 'I'll kill you later' to Tensa Zangetsu, but soon turned back to Ichigo. ***"Kingy, that was about six times more powerful then your normal now transcendent cero getsuga, that things probably still going as we speak."*** Shiro, for once, looked deadly serious. Ichigo looked in the direction of the attack he made and wondered if what Shiro was saying could actually be true. He sweat dropped when a Shockwave rolled over them. Ichigo looked over at his two zanpaktou spirits asking, "What will you teach me next?" He looked over at Shiro seeing his trade-mark smirk. ***"Don't worry kingy, we'll teach you all you need to know to kick Aizen's ass!"***

So, this is nowhere near as long as I wanted this chapter, but family matters... stupid shopping. Now, excuses aside, I'd like to say that this Fic will most likely be three parts, mainly because me adding onto canon doesn't feel right, second is because if I didn't finish it wouldn't be fair to you guys, third because I'm really lazy... see you next chapter.

The Beginning of the End

Ichigo goes to the Dangai with his father, but instead of learning Mugetsu, he learns how to use his real zanpaktou and other techniques. Most likely OP Ichigo, so don't get butt-hurt if I make Aizen look like a punching bag in comparison. I do not own Bleach, if I did the bount arc would have never been a thing.

Thoughts

Ressureccion/Zangetsu

Quincy Zangetsu

Ichigo looked up at Shiro, who had just taught him how to use Cero Oscuras and Gran Rey Cero. The Gran Rey Cero was insanely strong, and even though Cero Oscuras is stronger, he found that he liked Gran Rey Cero better. Using his 'sealed' form of his hollow powers (see last chapter) it could make quincy Tensa Zangetsu have to use his sword (himself?) to bash it aside, and at this moment in time, Ichigo was sure if it was fully powered, Tensa would have to dodge it or it would damage him severely.

So as he was continuing to practice in his sealed form, he noticed something, and it was something that he could appreciate.

"Hey! Shiro, why does it seem like I am moving at the speeds of my bankai when I'm not even trying, and I'm not in shikai or bankai?" Shiro looked over, deciding that his 'king' was stupid.

"King, you mastered Reitsu, and what does Shunpo require? Reitsu! So, you master Reitsu, and you know how to use it correctly, you can move fast, also, did you not notice that you're literally a transcended being?" Ichigo shrugged it off, after all the things that he had learnt in the 103 days that he had been in here, this was one of the least surprising. He pulled on his 'shikai' mask, and started charging Shiro, a cero getsuga already charging. Instead of saying anything, his hollow just pointed in front of him and started chanting. Ichigo didn't know what he was saying, but he knew it couldn't be good.

"-nd know your own powerlessness, hado number ninety, Kurotsugi!" recognizing the incantation as he approached, he fired the cero getsuga which countered the kurotsugi and flash stepped behind his opponent, he then struck out behind him with his sealed sword. Just barely catching him, Ichigo turned the thrust into a slice, aiming to take his head off. Instead though, with the loud boom of Sonido, he felt his instincts scream at him to bring his sword up. And for that, he was thankful, since Shiro had almost severed his head with his blade. he looked to his left to see that the kurotsugi had actually left shards of reitsu on the ground. He looked at quincy Zangetsu, not sparring with him only because unlike Shiro, he didn't get strong when Ichigo got stronger, since he wasn't using the quincy's power. But then an idea hit him.

"Old Man Zangetsu! Get your ass off your flag pole and teach me some quincy techniques, so you can actually help get me stronger! He said the last part jokingly, because he knew that even though he wasn't a part of the duel, he was making sure that any deep cuts were avoided by spreading what his local quincy spirit called called 'Blut Vene.' As the cloaked spirit approached, he pulled out a luminescent blade, with a quincy cross as the guard.

"Ichigo, I will be teaching you my Vollständig, now go into shikai, and condense your reitsu around the sword that represents me." Doing as he

was told, he felt that there was a feeling of incompleteness around his quincy blade. "Ah, so you have noticed, once you go into Vollständig, you will find my true blade, the one I hold before you." Soon, he realized Quincy Zangetsu was watching him expectantly, and he decided to say the first words that popped into his mind. "Rip apart, Zerstörer"

----------Time Skip----------

Three days

It had been a trying three days for Ichigo, for he had to keep his form up the entire time, and couldn't use his shinigami or hollow powers besides his sealed sword to give him an edge.(his quincy blade, but not in Vollständig) A shine caught the corner of his eyes, and only quick reflexes saved him from getting stabbed in the chest, again anyways. as he moved his blade to counterattack, he decided to try and use his quincy energy, so he decided to use Blut artery, and swung his sword at the local quincy spirit. What surprised him though, was that his spirit stopped the attack without flinching.

"Ichigo, blut artery can be used for many things involving strength, stopping your sword with my own wasn't a difficult task with that in mind." Ichigo jumped back a meter or so, and pointed his blade at old man Zangetsu, and collected reishi in the air to fire a multitude of arrows at his opponent. having been so close to him, his quincy spirit used Hirenkyaku, and only got hit by one arrow, which hit him in the shoulder. Merely a flesh wound. He heard a distinct buzz of sonido, and quicky turned around to stop Shiro from decapitating him. Since having his sword spirit attacking him, he used his shinigami powers.

"Getsuga Tenshou!" A large blue wave of energy connected with Shiro, and he went flying into a building, but it wasn't over yet, for quincy Zangetsu tried thrusting his blade into Ichigo's back. Using Hirekyaku, he appeared at his quincy spirits side, cutting his side. All of this happening in a matter of seconds.

It was the last day that Ichigo would be in the Dangai. He had been here for all the time he could, and currently he was just talking with his sword spirits.

"Thank you both, for teaching me all that you could" He looked down at himself, and continued "If it wasn't for you both, I wouldn't have the power to protect my friends, and my family." The two spirits then spoke in unison. "Ichigo, I am glad that you are our wielder, for if it was anyone less brave, less courageous, and less loyal, we would be used for destruction. For being our wielder, we thank you." Ichigo nodded his head, he knew what they meant. If it was anyone like Aizen, they wouldn't have chosen to give him their power. And as his last moment in his inner world before he fought Aizen he smiled and spoke, "Thank you, if it wasn't for you both, I would have gaven up a long time ago."

There Aizen stood, with that smug smile on his face, threatening his friends like he was already a God. It made him sick. He looked at the man who had brought his spiritual energy down to a plane of existence his friends could feel, and seen that they were almost crushed. He chose to take Aizen out of the vicinity, and knock him off his non-existent throne so his friends wouldn't have to worry any longer. He Shunpoed a few yards in front of Aizen, and stared at him with determined eyes. He heard Aizen speaking, babbling

about Ichigo not transcending. What Aizen didn't know at that moment, was that he had only transcended further then Aizen, and said mans reitsu was a tear drop compared to Ichigo's ocean of reitsu.

~~~To be continued~~~

Well, I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter, it was actually something I really enjoyed making, and I think I will continue writing this story, maybe farther then I intended.

The battle that ended The Winter War

Before I continue, I'd just like to say thank you to everyone who has read this story! I won't keep it long, but I'd just like to say thanks!

Ichigo goes to the Dangai with his father, but instead of learning Mugetsu, he learns how to use his real zanpaktou and other techniques. Most likely OP Ichigo, so don't get butt-hurt if I make Aizen look like a punching bag in comparison. I do not watch Bleach, if I did, the bount arc would have never been a thing.

Ichigo looked forward, facing the man that ripped the hogyoku, the object that started this entire war, out of Rukia's chest. "Ichigo Kurosaki. Are you really, Ichigo kurosaki?"

He looked at Aizen, with an amused twinkle in his eye. "What exactly do you mean?"

"Well, if you really are him, I'd say, you're disappointing. I don't feel a thing, you have no spirit energy. Even if you are suppressing your spirit energy, I would still be able to sense it. You have failed to evolve, you let the final chance that I gave you slip away. What a waste of time."

Ichigo looked to his right, hearing a faint whisper. 'I can see, your eyes have more power in them, that's good. You are at a level now, where I can die, and leave the rest to you.'

Aizen then tried restarting his rant "Regrettable, for you."

"Aizen, Let's not do this here, I'd rather we fought somewhere else."

Aizen smirked, "An impertinence suggestion, only someone who has the power to give me a real challenge has the right to such a request. There is no need to worry, I will not destroy Karakura Town, you will-" ***SMACK***

Ichigo had outstretched his hand, holding his soon to be opponent by his face, sailing through the air above Karakura Town. He landed them in the Mauntains a few miles outside of Karakura Town.

"Now let's do this Aizen, I'll end this, in an instant."

Aizen gave Ichigo a bored expression, looking at him as if he was stupid. "End this, in an instant? Now I see, it's all become quite clear to me. You didn't lose your spirit energy, you discarded it." **King, he's stupid, you should honestly just end it right now while he's distracted with his monologuing.** With an inner sigh, he realized his zanpaktou was right, and he decided to shut Aizen up. "I don't know how you did it, but it seems as if-" ***Clang***

Ichigo looked at Aizen, his sealed sword making him buckle under the power. "What Aizen, can you not keep up? Or do you want me to show you what I can really do?" Aizen made a slight frown, and the hogyoku and him both glowed, teleporting Aizen behind him.

With a swing from Aizen and a block from Ichigo, they both noticed a plateau be cut down from the shock wave that Aizen thought came from his sword.

"You parried that well, but you still must be rather shocked, the landscape changes with a single slash of my sword. My power is growing, honestly I didn't actually realize my abilities improved so much before you showed up. Thanks to you, I'm quite happy right now, for you can let me test the powers that transcend both Soul Reapers and Hollows to my hearts content."

Rushing forward, Aizen slashed at Ichigo's chest, only for it to be

deflected and another plateau being destroyed. This happened six more times, becoming an onslaught of slashes that Ichigo easily blocked.

Jumping out of all the dust that was created, Ichigo didn't wait for Aizen to come out to attack him. barely muttering the name of the attack, it rushed forwards. "Cero Getsuga"

Aizen teleported behind him and Ichigo swung his zanpaktou to meet Aizen's at the half way mark. the dull clang reverbrated through the air, and Ichigo finally let emotions cross onto his face. "hehehe, you think, that this entire time I've been trying? You... You are pathetic, you ripped the hogyoku out of one of my Nakama's chest for what? this measly power increase? Pathetic, you don't deserve a fast death, but if I give you anything but I'm guessing the poor excuse of a power-up in your chest will regenerate you."

Aizen chuckled, and fell into a fit of laughter. You, defeat me? I will shatter your zanpaktou with one swing!"

Ichigo looked on intently, raising his hand at the last moment and catching Aizen's blade with his finger. *"Payback is sweet, ain't it?"* He had to silently agree with Zangetsu. Beating Aizen would make him feel much better. While all had been said and done, he noticed that Aizen's swing had displaced some of the ground behind him.

Ichigo raised his sealed blade, looking at Aizen through his longer then usual bangs.

"Keep your resolve, Zangetsu"

With an explosion of black, red, and blue, Ichigo disappeared from Aizen's sight, who was looking on in complete shock, before he went into a fit of rage.

"IMPOSSIBLE! I AM THE GOD OF THIS UNIVERSE, BOW BEFORE ME YOU MERE HUMAN! I WILL DESTROY YOU!"

He then evolved, the black gem in his forehead shattering revealing a small pupil, with blood drizzling down his face, his eyes which were now rolling into the back of his head while the

forehead pupil moved in an unorthodox pattern. His skin then cracked, releasing a torrent of purple spiritual energy that reached up to the sky. His wings had become more like bat wings, but instead of hands, there were heads with hollow teeth covering each of their faces, including Aizen's.

He then shot a purple sphere of reitsu at Ichigo, which he reacted by using his larger blade as a baseball bat and shot it back at Aizen, and the sphere exploded on impact. Aizen had just enough time to teleport out of the way, and get behind his strawberry haired opponent. He went to slash at his back, but fond a trench knife in his stomach, and an oversized khyber knife coming towards his head.

Having just enough time to get back Aizen wheezed and held his stomach, which had four holes in it, one being put there by Ichigo's trench knife. Aizen, the abomination that he was teleported to Ichigo, doing the only thing he could to try and win this fight. Holding his neck with his hand, and his wings surrounding his opponent, he created a ring of explosive purple reishi to kill his opponent.

The wings had eyes in the middle of them, and created three white rings around him and Aizen. He took his trench knife, and held it towards Aizen, and without warning, a reishi arrow shot at the monster's head, which caught his hair, but had done what Ichigo wanted it to do, as the circles around him had broken away, and retreated towards Aizen. With the fastest shunpo he could muster (Which Yoruichi wouldn't ever *dream* of seeing) he got behind Aizen, and released a cero oscuras into his back, but Aizen guarded against it just barely by giving up his wings as a sacrifice. Now, Aizen had a wingless back, which was now covered in third degree burns. Aizen in hopes of not being killed today, decided to become a moving target, and Ichigo decided it was time to stop toying with his opponent.

Raising his trench knife once more, the blade started to glow, and Ichigo spoke the name of his Vollstandig. "Zerstorer Gottes" (Destroyer of God, since Aizen thinks he's a god.) Around him, his usual Shikai uniform was there, but behind him were black Reishi wings in the shape of a demons.

With his Trench Knife still up, he created a storm of arrows which shot at Aizen, at least 20 of them going through him. To finish the fight off, he shunpoed behind Aizen, and bit his thumb for blood to appear, and used it to charge a Gran Rey Cero, aimed at Aizen's head.

After the explosion of the reitsu, there was no trace of Aizen but the latent reitsu in the air.

As I said up above, thank you to all have read this story! I know my updates are really hectic, so thank you for sticking with me throughout all of it! (Or is this really the end? dun dun duhh) Now, I might go further with this, but right now it will be on the back burner, and if I do continue it , it would be in a sequel. But here is my power scaling that I've decided.

Ichigo sealed zanpaktou - Aizen's butterfly form.

Ichigo sealed + Vollstandig

Ichigo sealed + hollow mask

Ichigo's shikai - Aizens hollow butterfly form

Ichigo's shikai + Vollstandig

Ichigo's shikai + hollow mask

Ichigo's bankai - (No match yet)

Ichigo's bankai + Vollstandig

Ichigo's bankai + hollow mask

The reason why I didn't put in anything like Ichigo's bankai + Vollstandig + Hollow Mask is because Hollows and Quincy don't mix, that's why he doesn't use his trench knife to do anything hollow related at least in my story anyway. But now that I think about it, I guess the Shinigami part could balance it out, so… That's a very big maybe, and it would be something that he could only be in for a little bit. (And he would have to actually train for it, not just oh, that was supposed to be hard?) But again, I would just like to say thank you!

Grieving

So, this is a different kind of chapter, and you will soon realize why. Sorry if it is really bad, I'm not used to writing things like this yet. Again, sorry.

There was darkness everywhere around him, like he had died all over again. He didn't just see the darkness everywhere around him, he felt it, clinging to his skin like a bad sunscreen. He had a giant hole in his chest, an unwanted gift from a certain enemy of his. He still felt that whip like tail around his throat, and the cero that had went through his body like it was butter. He heard Inoue screaming out his name, and he felt his body transform, and noticed the horns on his head. He tried to move towards the arrancar that had been in his Segunda Etapa trying to show him true despair, but his body didn't react, and only held out his hand, having Tensa Zangetsu flying into his hand and blowing the ground around him everywhere. None of this being his doing.

Slicing down, he felt his blade go through the flesh and bone in the arm of his opponent, cutting it from the man's torso. In a flash, he was in a different area, facing the same person, but he ran forward and sliced through his chest, feeling his ribs being turned

to dust from his swing, almost as if his opponent wasn't trying, but he knew that in this form, he was just too strong for this opponent. The Cuatro espada, Ulquiorra Cifer. That was his opponent, but that's the thing, he didn't want to fight him, his body was being forced to fight, to kill without mercy. He stabbed his sword towards Ulquiorra's throat, but had a hand held him back.

"Enough, Kurosaki." His body acted as if it didn't hear, and he pushed harder to carve into the would be corpse of Ulquiorra. "Kurosaki! I said enou-" That's when he brought his arm up, and stabbed Ishida through the stomach, just missing the young quincy's internals. The force of the swing managed to throw Ishida, embedding his body into a boulder around three meters away.

Ichigo shot up out of his bed screaming, with shaky breathing and a few tears threatening to roll out of his eyes. This had been happening a lot lately, ever since he didn't have to worry about Aizen destroying everything he cared about, he had time to grieve, for the damage that he had done to his friends, and the cold blooded murder of Ulquiorra.

Thankfully his father had his room soundproofed after the first time he woke up from his scheduled night terrors, neither he or his father wanted Yuzu or Karin to hear his screams of pain. With a sigh, Ichigo got up, got into his school uniform, and went downstairs to get breakfast.

He was walking his morning route to school, and he seen Ishida and Orihime ahead of him. Trying to catch up, he was almost upon them when he seen Ishida take Inoue's hand in his, and used hirenkyaku to get to school faster, though he didn't think that was the only reason. He wouldn't want to spend a ton of time around someone who stabbed him through the stomach either. with a quick shake of his head, he continued to his walk to school, not using shunpo or sonido so he could try to think of something to make his friends not worry about him when he got to school.

"Why does it rain Ichigo? Is it because you have hurt your friends, or your friends have hurt you?"

Ichigo was shocked for a second, not expecting old man Zangetsu, since usually Shiro kicked his ass into drive. 'My friends haven't hurt me, I deserve to be left alone, I hurt them, and if they don't want to be my friends, that's fine.' Ichigo didn't even need to be told of the angered look on both of Zangetsu's faces.

"King, you saved their ass, if you hadn't been there, this town would have been flattened, and of course they have hurt you! Look at yourself, you put all the blame on yourself, you don't even blame AIZEN, of all people. You need a break, go to the Soul Society and be with some of the people who wont run away from you."

Time Skip - Three hours later

Ichigo walked into the warm underground training area of Urahara Kisuke, and was soon welcomed by a mocha skinned beauty jokingly slapping his arm. What he was not expecting though, was for him to have blut vene activate without him doing it intentionally.

"Ow! Ichigo, that hurt, you ass!" Looking down at her hand Ichigo seen that his reiatsu left burn marks on the she-cat's hand.

"Sorry Yoruichi, I hadn't even brought up blut vene intentionally!" Yoruichi stared at him for a second, but then smirked a bit.

Leaning in close, Yoruichi whispered in his ear, "I'm sure that's not the only thing I can raise unintentionally." she leaned back and gave Ichigo a wink.

Ichigo stepped back really fast with his face as red as his namesake, stepping back as he stuttered, "Y-Yoruichi! S-Stop that!" He continued to step back until he realized one thing. Yoruichi was laughing her ass off, and kisuke was giggling like the madman he was.

Smacking Kisuke in the back of the head, he grumbled, "Just get the

damn Senkaimon open, you pervs."

Walking out of the precipice world, Ichigo found himself facing the Captain Commander, Yamamoto, Squad Eight Captain Kyrouku Shunsui, and Squad Thirteen Captain Juushiro Ukitake. He knew at that moment, that he had just forfeit his right to any relaxation within the Soul Society when taking a step forward, saying, "Hey Yama-jii, Shunsui, and Ukitake-san, odd meeting you here."

Time Skip - Half an hour later

"You call that a punch boy! a two-hundred year old could do better than that! Get back to training!" Yama-jii was being very strict, and after calling him said name, he assigned himself as Ichigo's 'Sensei.' More along the lines of, 'Personal Hell' but what's the difference?

"I'm only fifteen for flying out loud Yamamoto-sensei!" He tacked the 'sensei' on in hopes of Yama-jii going easier on him, but all he got in response was, 'Good, because when you are a proper Soul Reaper, maybe you can punch like one after this!'

Time Skip - Two weeks later

"Good, you have learned how to effectively throw a punch, next time you are in Soul Society, we may go over Zanjutsu. You have more power than even I, but not even close to the amount of skill or experience as me and some of the other captains, I plan to at least make it to where you are skilled." Ichigo thought about that for a moment and realized something. Ichigo may have more power than his new sensei, but said sensei could still tear him a new one.

"You know what Yamamoto-sensei, I'm going to the Living World, saying goodbye to my family, and coming here at least until you are done training me." He had thought about this long and hard. Go back home, or stay in Soul Society? At home, he had family, but he couldn't protect them unless he got stronger, and his friends avoided him like he was the plague. Here in Soul Society though, he

had so many people that accepted him, every part of him. Even his sometimes less than sane zanpaktou. And that's when Kenpachi crashed through the Squad One training area with a grin that would put his zanpaktou to shame. "So Ichigo, I heard you were staying, wanna have a rematch?" Ichigo simply turned to Yamamoto and nodded his goodbye, and started running.

So, that actually took a lot longer than what I thought it would take, and I apologize for that, but like I said, the first few parts of the chapter was really different for me, and if it's bad I am really sorry, I just felt it necessary.

(A/N) Now, why I'm having Ichigo stay in Soul Society. A. He needs to get stronger to face the Quincy king (By stronger I mean more skilled with his powers) which he knows about from old man Zangetsu. B. His friends are at that point in the time-line complete dicks to him, even though he didn't lose his reiatsu, and in Soul Society, he had friends that didn't care that he killed people, and accepted every part of him. C. I might be making him a captain, maybe not. We also might see some old faces that haven't been mentioned in this story. *Cough* Vizards *Cough* Also a quick thank you to everyone who has read the story, I know I'm not really the best of writers, so seeing that people actually read this inspires me to actually make the chapters. So like I said, thank you for reading!

Saying Goodbye (Not quitting the story)

Ichigo stepped out of the not-illegal senkaimon that Yama-jii had told him the whereabouts of and found himself in the middle of Karakura, just a few blocks from his house. It seemed to be a sunny day with a few small clouds in the sky, casting shadows across the building of Karakura. He closed his eyes and spread his senses, trying to detect any hint of reiatsu, letting out just a hint of his own in the process. Chad, Orihime, and Tatsuki seemed to be at school, while Keigo and Mizuiro were at their respective houses, probably playing hooky. Karin and Yuzu seemed to be at the middle school. Karin's reiatsu surprised him a little, it was around the level of a low seated officer. He shook his head, letting his orange hair cover his eyes while he let a smirk cross his face. He had lived with that beacon of power, and even when he was a Substitute he hadn't noticed it. Yuzu's was considerably lower than that, even with his newly controlled reiatsu out of his way he could barely sense it. Deciding he needed to talk to his father, and maybe Kisuke, before everyone else he started walking towards the clinic while taking in the view since he wouldn't see it for awhile.

A few minutes later

He walked up to the clinic and stopped at the door. He gave a sigh, for he could feel his father, and Kisuke in front of the door. Twisting the knob on the door, he stepped to the side as one Geta wearing shop keeper flew out the door along with his father, leg outstretched to hit him with his fathers patented welcome-home kick.

"WELCOME HOME ICHIGOOOOOO!"

Ichigo, having already stepped to the side before opening the door

was unharmed, yet the two man-children found themselves embedded into a brick wall.

"Come on you two, I don't have a lot of time to explain this, so come inside before that time is ran out." Isshin looked sort of surprised, but Kisuke sat still for a second before lowering his green and white bucket hat which cast a shadow over his face.

"Well Kurosaki-san, looks like it's a good-bye speech, and I'm assuming you want your friends around to hear it?" Ichigo shook his head, for he had thought of this for awhile. What was the point of telling someone you would be leaving, when they would never notice you were gone in the first place?

"One Kisuke, it's not a good-bye speech, It's a I'm-going-to-train-with-Mr.Personal-Hell speech. And no, I would rather my friends not be here, it's not like they noticed I was gone anyways." Isshin dropped his head a bit, seeing as how what his son said was mostly true, except for his most loyal friend Chad, who Isshin had talked to earlier discussing where Ichigo was. He raised his eyes to look into his son's chocolate brown ones and smiled, as he said, "Come in Ichigo, we should probably talk inside before others who aren't spiritually aware think we're crazier than what we really are."

Sitting down at the table in the kitchen, Ichigo suddenly felt a little nervous, since he hadn't rehearsed what he was going to say at all. "So... I guess I'm saying see you later, and that I need some time away from my living friends. If they don't want me around, than I will go somewhere people do want me. Make sure Yuzu and Karin stay safe Goat-chin, and Kisuke, stay away from Karin, if I come back from Soul Society and she's a Shinigami-Substitute I might shove Zangetsu up your ass." Thinking that would be enough, he stood up to leave, but was instantly smacked back into his chair by an unexpected hand.

"What the hell Ichigo! Just because your stupid human friends are giving you the silent treatment doesn't mean you have to leave us."

He looked to his side and seen a purple haired she-cat. As usual, she was wearing the tightest clothes that she could. And that's when the sandle hit him.

"Stupid Strawberry! We go ahead and train you, and you don't even stop by and say hello?"

Ichigo looked at the two women in the room with a shocked expression, for he had thought he had cleared up why he was leaving quite well. He gave a small chuckle, and glanced at the people who currently surrounded him.

"You two seem to have it wrong. I'm not leaving for my human friends, I'm leaving for everyone in this room, the Vizard, the friends I have in Soul Society, and my sisters. One day there will be a bigger threat than Aizen, so I should be prepared for it, so Yama-jii is training me, making it to where I have technique added on to my massive amounts of Reiatsu, making it to where I can protect everyone I care about."

The two crazy chicks shared a look of surprise and then stared back at Ichigo.

"You know Kurosaki-san, even the protector needs a break every once in awhile, why not take one, spend time with your sisters and friends in Soul Society?" Ichigo looked at Kisuke, the person who just blurted out, to him, seemed like the biggest nonsense he had ever heard.

"Why spend time with them when if an enemy attacked at that moment, I couldn't protect them? I would break, so I'm training, training to become stronger than anyone has ever seen. Except for maybe the Soul King of course."

2 months later Undisclosed area

"Boy, you have now learned how to properly swing that cleaver, along with the trench knife, and properly kick, now we learn how to combine these three. After that, we teach you hakuda, so in-case

you get caught without Zangetsu you can protect yourself.

OH MY GOD! Okay, it's been how long since I've updated this? absolutely too long, I know. Also though, thank you to everyone for sticking through my unpredictable update "schedule", if you can even call it that. Also, Ywach's army will show up in the next chapter. I hope. by that time, it will be a 2 year time skip. Okay, so now that that's cleared out of the way, I should get to writing the thing I need to write for school. *Sigh*

Christmas? (a month late)

So... it's been awhile, I know. I've been going through some things as of late, so hopefully writing relieves some stress (The original reason I started to write.) I will hopefully make it to the end of this series sooner rather than later, so... thank you to the people who have stuck through this. I really appreciate it... thank you.

Well, let's get back to the story, why don't we?

SMACK! He was flung out of his bed and had smacked his back into the blue wall to the side of his bed, narrowly missing his desk. Groggily, he propped himself up to see his man-child of a father grinning at him.

"You have gotten soft Ichigo! Just because Aizen is in Muken, doesn't mean you can lay lax! Also, Merry Christmas Ichi-"

With a swift kick to the face, his father was launched out of the window, resulting in a crash from below.

Getting up, he quickly got up and locked his door, quickly getting clothes out of a drawer to get dressed. He then glanced at his closet, swearing he heard something shuffle in it. He approached it quickly slid the door open.

Ichigo looked in his closet, making sure zero midgets where in there, and deciding he must have had his mind playing tricks on him. He let out a sigh, and then decided to head downstairs to get something to eat. Well, he would have if Yuzu hadn't came to his room with a plate of bacon and pancakes, which had strawberries on them.

"Merry Christmas Ichi-nii! Enjoy the food!"

And with those parting words, she was gone, leaving the room empty before Ichigo could even say Merry Christmas back.

He quickly ate his breakfast (The strawberry joke not lost on

him) and headed downstairs, wishing everyone a Merry Christmas as he ducked, and sprung into a kick that sent Isshin back into the cabinet he somehow squeezed his way into.

As he sat down on the couch he thought up of anything to get the twins for Christmas. He realized he was late in getting a wrappable present, so he just narrowed it down to getting them some sort of sweets.

He quickly got the two hyper girls settled down enough to ask them where they wanted to get a sugary food item. The two of them huddled together and started discussing, and that's when Ichigo knew his money from Soul Society was going to be needed.

He had gotten said money about a month ago, apparently all shinigami got some sort of pay, and after defeating Aizen the Gotei 13 finally considered him a shinigami, instead of a regular substitute, which for him meant cash in the bank, and doing what he would be doing anyways, so he couldn't really complain.

Back to the matter at hand, it seemed his sister had decided, and were waiting for him by the door.

'Welp, time to get going.'

Getting back to the house with both of the girls' sweets, he opened the door to find the house completely shrouded in darkness. He knew what was happening, but didn't know why. It was Christmas, nothing deserving enough to surprise him about. But that's when the lights flicked on, and all of his friends popped out from random places, including his friends from Soul Society.

A short chapter, probably a bad one as well, and I apologize greatly for the wait, but I've watched the anime multiple times, and I haven't even read the manga fully yet, so I don't want to write anything about the Thousand Year Blood War without

reading it a few times. So give me a bit to find where to read it, and read it multiple times so I can properly write about it. Sorry for the wait. I'm hoping to find the manga soon, so thank you to those who have waited. Also, yes, This was supposed to cheer Ichigo up, after you know, basically hacking Aizen to pieces. that's a bit of trauma for a teenager, or anyone for that matter.